

*Fal.* You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhand in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now, Wolsacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A kings sonne: if I do not beate thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a flocke of wilde geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you hore son round-man, what's the matter?

*Falst.* Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and Poines there.

*Poin.* Zoundes yee fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, ile stab thee.

*Falst.* I call thee cowarde? ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound, I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are scarfe wip't since thou drunkst last.

*Falst.* All's one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards still say I.

*Prince* What's the matter?

*Falst.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prince* Where is it? Iacke, where is it?

*Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prince* VVhat, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose,

my buckler cut through and the hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer d would not doe. A plague of all o speake more or lesse then truth, of darkenesse.

*God.* Speake, sirs, how was i

*Rofs.* We foure set vpon som

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my l

*Rofs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not

*Fal.* You rogue, they were b am a Jew else, and Ebrew Jew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, fo

*Falst.* And vnbound the res

*Prince.* What, fought ye wi

*Falst.* All? I knowe not wha with fiftie of them, I am a bur two or three and fiftie vpon po leg'd creature.

*Prin.* Pray God, you haue n

*Falst.* Nay, that's past pray them. Two I am sure I haue pay I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell th horse: thou knowest my old w my point; foure rogues in buck

*Prin.* What, foure? thou say

*Fal.* Foure, Hal, I told thee

*Po.* I, I, he said, foure,

*Fal.* These foure came all a I made no more adoe, but too get, thus.

*Prin.* Seven? why there wer

*Fal.* In Buckrom,

*Poin.* I, foure, in buckrom

*Fal.* Seuen, by these hiles, c

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone,

*Fal.* Doeft thou heare me, l

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too